

The final reports put to rest the suicide of Vince Foster, concluded the Clinton White House did not interfere with RTC and Department of Justice investigations, and discovered then-Governor Clinton did not misuse his power to influence State regulators.

It is time for us to move beyond this political issue. It is time for Congress to address the issues that really concern the American people. When I go home people ask me what Congress has done to preserve their quality of life, what Congress has done to improve our education system, and what Congress has done to improve our health care delivery system. I can count on one hand the number of times somebody asked me about Whitewater over the past 2 years.

As a member of the Special Whitewater Committee, I took my job seriously. I understood the importance of our committee, and I stand by the minority report. Our report studies the facts very carefully, and after compiling all of the facts we made our conclusions accordingly. I urge all interested parties to read this report, and I am hopeful it completes the mission we were instructed to pursue.●

#### TRIBUTE TO JIM SMITH

● Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a Kentucky businessman whose success allowed him to give something back to Kentucky. Jim Smith, who passed away May 31, was one of western Kentucky's most successful self-made businessmen.

Mr. Smith, the youngest of eight children, dropped out of school in the 10th grade. After being involved in several construction company partnerships, he struck out on his own and turned one bulldozer into a multi-million dollar construction business. Jim Smith Construction Co. built most of the major highways in western Kentucky. He also expanded into other areas, including coal, transportation, a hotel, and a restaurant.

A close friend and business partner, David Reed, was quoted in the Paducah Sun as saying, "Those of us who know Jim well realize immediately the void his passing will mean, not only to us personally but to all of western Kentucky." Former Kentucky Gov. Julian Carroll said of Mr. Smith, "I've known him as a friend, a businessman, a citizen of the community, a Christian \* \* \* but of all the roles that Jim filled in his life, the one that he relished the most, and agonized over the most, was being the father of four sons." Even though he was wealthy, Mr. Smith required his sons to work and earn their living.

Mr. Smith is survived by his wife, Sandy; four sons, Mike, Rex, Chris, and Steve; two stepchildren, Joelle Smith and Joel Weaver; three brothers, Hiram, Hugh, and Bill Smith; and three sisters, Geneva Youngblood, Imogene Riggs, and Lucille Wade. I would ask that my colleagues join me in honoring this extraordinary Kentuckian.●

#### HIDDEN HUMAN TOLL OF GAMBLING

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, in all the discussion about the problems of gambling in the United States, most of us in those discussions use statistics.

What we frequently fail to understand are the human beings involved in the addiction.

Ken Adelman, the former head of The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and now a columnist who is nationally syndicated, recently had a column in the Washington Times that told about a cousin of his.

It tells in simple, graphic terms why we need a commission to look at this problem.

I don't know how many personal cases I have heard of since introducing the bill on the commission, but it is enough to encourage me to fight for its creation, and I hope my colleagues will have the good sense to pass the measure and create the commission.

I ask that the Washington Times column be printed in the RECORD.

The column follows:

[From the Washington Times, June 13, 1996]

#### HIDDEN HUMAN TOLL OF GAMBLING

(By Ken Adelman)

Stopping for a fund-raiser in Las Vegas last weekend, Bill Clinton solicited big gambling bucks, as has Bob Dole. Lost in the policy debate over state-sponsored gambling—via lotteries, casinos, horse races, whatever—is the personal dimension.

This hasn't been lost on our family, which has endured pain from my first cousin, Alby, becoming a compulsive gambler. At 15 years old, I should have sensed Alby's problem when our grandfather, Papa, took us on a trip abroad. The whole way Alby wanted to bet on whose room would have a higher number (Papa's or ours), whether our seats would be on the right or left side of the airplane, on anything really. He was—and presumably is, though I haven't seen him in years—an engaging and brilliant fellow. We never suspected the years of jail and a failed life gambling would bring.

Between prison sentences, beginning at age 16 or so, Alby would hit the track, poker tables, and sports events. No state lotteries had yet been established, so we can't blame them for our family woes. How much state-sponsored gambling, now dubbed "gaming," multiplies the number of Albys in America should be a key focus of the national commission on gambling, which Congress is now debating.

"The main ambitions I ever had were fantasies," Alby told me in 1975, when I spent six months researching his life. He poured his mathematical genius, personality and wit into gambling. Alby won big at times—\$10,000 in one day and \$7,700 in one race. But those triumphs were fleeting as all winnings went back into the game. The amounts were staggering, at least to me. Alby burned through more than \$1 million before turning 30. He squandered it all, as well as two marriages and a host of natural abilities.

Alby became attracted and then addicted to horse-racing while still in high school. "When you're at the track or when you're gambling, you're in a different world," he mused. "There's nothing else that matters until you walk into reality again. It's a dream world." Gambling became his trademark.

"When I won, I would have a lot of money in my pocket and flash it around. It was an

ego trip for me." And a macho thing, since compulsive gambling is mostly a man's disease. Unlike alcoholism or drug addiction, only 10 percent of compulsive gamblers are women.

But women become victims. One elderly landlady in New Mexico housed Alby and a buddy when they were 16. After they skipped out without paying rent, she wrote Alby's parents, "They were both good, likable kids." She missed them after Alby "left town like something from a cannon. He said he needed to return home on account of a death of a sister." No sister had died. Such began a life of lies.

Though having now spent more than half his life behind bars, Alby never considered himself a criminal. He trashed common convicts, especially armed robbers: "They're stupidest people in the world. They go to jail for 10 years for a hundred bucks when I can get \$50,000 with a pen in hand rather than a gun."

Like most compulsive gamblers, Alby abhors violence. None of his crimes involved guns, knives or physical assaults. They involved passing bad checks and schemes of every sort. Though non-violent, they still hurt others, especially family members. Alby's father bailed him out of jail and dangerous situations for several years before giving up. His grandfather lasted longer, but after Alby stole his prized stamp collection and World War I medals, he too gave up.

The burden falls too on friends and neighbors. Rummaging through family correspondence, I came across scores of sad stories. One came from the mother of a high school buddy who "loaned" Alby his coin collection but never got it back. "My son is a stranger to you but he is my only child and the most important person in the world to me," she wrote Alby's folks. "The coins he's been saving since he was little were his only concrete asset. They are now gone."

Though sharing an addiction, compulsive gamblers differ from drug and alcohol abusers. The gambling life is one of involvement and stimuli. Drug and alcohol addicts lead a life of withdrawal and passivity.

While gambling is as old as humanity itself—archaeologists have found a 4,000-year-old lamb bone used as dice—compulsive gambling is a relatively new affliction. Upward of 10 million compulsive gamblers in America—perhaps 10 times the number of drug addicts—may be increasing in numbers now. For state and local lotteries not only furnish the opportunity, but encourage "striking it rich" without any effort.

Alby's tragedy may become epidemic since legalized gambling has increased 2,800 percent over the past two decades. To grasp this danger, imagine the furor if state and local governments not only legalized drug sale and use but themselves sold and advertised drugs to the general public.

As Congress debates establishing a national commission on the effects of gambling, everyone has focused on the commission's subpoena powers. More critical would be a focus on the human toll gambling takes, on tales of wasted lives, like Alby's.

#### INS EMPLOYMENT VERIFICATION PILOT PROJECT

● Mr. KERREY. Mr. President, at the end of May, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and a consortium of meatpacking companies announced an innovative pilot project in which the companies will voluntarily verify the employment eligibility of noncitizens who seek employment.

I commend the meatpacking industry, specifically IBP and BeefAmerica